

Alastor's Fascination With Vox's Gills

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Alastor's Fascination With Vox's Gills

by [Ghost_Cat96](#)

Summary

Vox Humiliation Week day 3: Free Use + CRT

Vox tells Alastor he can play with his gills whenever he wants.

Notes

Thank you Purple_Mountain_Manatee for proofreading :D

See the end of the work for [more notes](#)

"You know, you could do this any time you wanted," Vox says nervously, screen going slightly fuzzy with static.

"Hm?" Alastor hums lazily, content as he inspects Vox's gills.

"You always ask for permission and wait until we're completely alone to, um..." Vox's eyes flickered about, trying to think of the words: what would he even call what Alastor does sometimes? "...do this. You could just... *do it*. I wouldn't care."

Alastor tilts his head. "What an *interesting* proposal!"

He goes silent, a wicked grin stretching across his face as he pulls Vox's sweater back down over his gills.

"Wait, Al, I—!"

"I'll see you on Saturday, *pal*."

Vox's face flushes cyan, the affectionate nickname giving him pause. "Oh! Um, okay. See you then!" He waves sheepishly, watching as Alastor disappears into shadows.

"Ha ha ha *ha~!* Alastor, you... you make the *best* jokes, y'know that?" Vox laughs, an air of tipsiness to his voice as he takes another sip of his drink — his third of the night.

"Oh, you *flatter* me, Vox," Alastor says, voice full of fondness.

There's a brief, comfortable pause.

"Come here."

"Whuh...?" Vox squints confused at Alastor.

Alastor pats his lap. "Come here, *Vincent*."

"Wait. I... um... *what?*" Vox sputters, trying to think through his drunken stupor. He couldn't be hearing that right.

Alastor rolls his eyes, grabbing Vox's arm and pulling him onto his lap. He lifts Vox's sweater up to expose his gills. "You told me I could do this whenever I want, and you said I didn't have to take you somewhere private. Why are you suddenly so shy, my picture box? Do you regret telling me I could do this?"

Vox gasps as Alastor pokes a claw *inside* one of his gills. "N-no I jus', *hnm~!*" he whimpers and squirms, struggling to speak with a *claw* poking around *in his gills*! Embarrassingly, he can feel his cock getting thicker with arousal as well.

"Interesting reaction." Alastor smiles, removing his claw and lightly stroking all three of Vox's left side gills, making sure to catch his claw on each one. Vox's breath catches with every slight pull on his gills.

"*Hah*... Al, please, people are staring."

"Oh, they don't matter. We're overlords! If you're *really* so bothered, we can kill everyone in here." Alastor laughs at the scared look he sees the bartender give them. He uses both hands now to dig into the gills on both of Vox's sides.

"*Oh! Ah! Al!* I don't— I can't— *think!*" Vox moans and slaps a hand over his mouth, screen bright with his embarrassed blush.

"Hmm... okay. I'm done now." Alastor pushes Vox off of his lap as if he's discarding a wet rag.

Vox groans and adjusts his sweater back over his gills. He's so horny. Oh *god*, he's so horny. It felt like he was going to cum in his pants before Al pushed him off.

Vox thought it wouldn't happen again, that Alastor was just teasing him about his offer and for a while it seems like he was right about that.

Yet, the following morning, Alastor invited Vox on a walk around town.

"So it would be like a dating show but— um, uh." Vox is interrupted when Alastor suddenly places a hand on his hip, making the TV start to stammer and stop walking.

"Don't stop now, picture box." Alastor digs his claws in slightly, causing Vox to let out a quiet whimper and forcing him to start moving forward again. "Tell me more about your little *show*."

"Right, yeah. So it's— *hah!*" Vox gasps as Alastor's hand trails upwards underneath his sweater. "It's— Al, what are you doing?" Vox laughs out nervously.

"Don't worry your pretty little head about it."

Vox blushes at being called pretty. "Seriously, Al."

Alastor lets out a frustrated huff. "Are you going to question me every time I take you up on your offer? Don't you want to be a *good boy*?" He purrs out, the praise ringing in Vox's head like church bells.

"I-I-I," Vox buffers, his screen glitching with static.

"Hush. Let's walk in silence, clearly you can't form any thoughts in that little head of yours." Alastor silently laughs, using his free hand to wobble Vox's longer antenna with the tip of his claw.

"Hmm." Vox lets out a little aroused hum, just now realizing how hard he is. How embarrassing, Alastor's barely done anything.

Once again, Alastor's hand creeps up to reach his gills. He hooks each claw inside, then rubbing the sensitive skin inside with every step.

"Ah— *Al!*"

"Shhh, you're drawing attention to yourself."

Sure enough, sinners keep stopping and staring. Vox's dick twitches at the attention, and Alastor snickers. "Maybe you want that though, *attention whore*."

Alastor's voice is so condescendingly sweet it makes Vox's knees weak, and he stumbles over nothing but his own feet. Alastor's claws dig into Vox's gills keeping him held up and blood pricks around where they break the skin inside.

"*AL!*" Vox moans loudly, his dick throbs and suddenly cum coats the inside of his underwear.

Alastor pauses, blinking in surprise. Vox stares at him, legs shaking and an obvious wet spot on his crotch. Shadows gathered around Alastor and he teleports away, leaving Vox alone on the sidewalk with cum-soaked pants and bleeding gills.

Vox lay on his back, one hand wrapped around his cock, the other tugging on his longer antenna. Wet sounds fill the air as he strokes his dick up and down. Letting go of his antenna, he puts two fingers in his mouth, sucking on them and covering them in spit. He thinks about Alastor, about his claws in his gills. About him taking this whole thing further, bending Vox over the bar counter, pulling his pants down and fucking him right there in front of everyone, just because he wanted to. All for his sick, *sick* entertainment.

Pulling his fingers out, a string of spit connecting them to his tongue. Reaching down he pushes both fingers inside his hole, moaning at the stretch, stroking his cock faster.

His bedroom door opens, Alastor stepping in. "Clean yourself up and meet me at Rosie's."

Vox's mouth opens and closes, scrambling for something to say as Alastor simply leaves the room.

"And don't leave me waiting!" Alastor calls back.

Vox groans, letting go of his cock and pulling his fingers out of his hole. Flopping backwards, his dick still hard and throbbing.

"I didn't take you as the type to share, Alastor!" Rosie smirks, cocking her head at the deer.

"I'd hardly call it *sharing*. You're an observer. My picture box is still all mine." Alastor trails a finger down the edge of Vox's casing.

"This is... insane. This is *actually* insane. I can't do this in front of her!" Vox sputters, eyes darting between Rosie and Alastor.

"Hush now, Vox. You don't have to think about a thing, just keep being my entertaining picture show." Alastor soothes, pulling Vox onto his lap just like that time at the bar.

Vox takes a deep breath, relaxing into Alastor. This is so different to doing it in front of strangers. He knows Rosie, he respects Rosie, he really hopes Rosie respects him. She probably won't after this if she does. Oh god this is such a bad idea.

"Ah! Mm! Oh!" Vox starts moaning when Alastor starts thrusting his claw in and out of one of Vox's gills, effectively fingering it.

"He's so squirmy!" Rosie observes.

A particularly hard jab makes Vox yelp, making both Alastor and Rosie laugh.

"He is, *delightfully* so." Vox whimpers at the hint of praise in Alastor's voice.

Alastor starts poking around the back of Vox's head, scratching at the sensitive vents. His hand creeps up to curl around Vox's antennae, not tugging too roughly just yet.

Vox's dick is painfully hard, pre-cum soaks the crotch of his pants. His breathes come out shaky, he's so close to cumming.

"Poor thing," Rosie coos, gaze hungry. Vox tries to avert his eyes, but there's not much he can do without turning his head, Alastor's grip on his antenna keeping it still.

"Don't feel sorry for the thing, I told you about last time. This..." Alastor momentarily lets go of Vox's antennae to tap the tip of his cock, "...will calm down soon enough." Vox's fingers and toes curl at the tap.

Alastor digs his claws into Vox's gills roughly, cutting the skin way more than he did last time, blood spills slowly around his claws. At the same time, Alastor tugs Vox's antennae roughly, snapping the TV's head back.

"Ah!" Vox let's out a scream, pain and pleasure shoot through him and his orgasm hits him *hard*.

"There we go." Alastor doesn't let up on his hold, making Vox shiver from the overstimulation of it all.

"A- hnh- are you going to let go?"

"No, I'm comfortable like this." Alastor does let go of Vox's antenna, but keeps his claws in Vox's gills.

Just like that, Alastor and Rosie start up a normal conversation as though Vox had never existed.

End Notes

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